Something was going on, but what? He had no idea… Something was odd, the place felt wrong. It hadn’t felt this wrong since that odd Grand Master cloning incident that led to two Headmasters. Something was not right, the Academy felt odd, and as the most senior staffer on the payroll, the Neti assumed he knew best in this regard.

Hmm, the Dark Council was more paranoid then before. The Master of the Academy was in his office. It seemed treason had arisen in the council. No Councillor was willing to have face-time with another. The council was sequestered via holographic connections. Several younger Praetorians had informed him of things they had overheard from their lords. The old man of the Administrative Staff wondered though. He knew the Councillors from their time in the classrooms, or he did most of them. Which one had been led astray? Was it one of his old students? Then again…something was wrong…did the Headmaster betray his duty? Did he broke his oaths to the academy? He’d bleed if that were true. Maybe his organs could be donated to the laboratories…

NO, no, no… Must remember the oaths I took as Praetor. Must support my Master. Hmm, he would not want to betray the Throne, thus I could help him by proving his guilt? So he could repent and get back to work… Oh yes, that would work.

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Blood coated the undercrofts. The fourteen students who had been quite promising and had been taking private lessons with the Headmaster had been unable to provide insight in his treachery. Their organs now coated the walls, ceiling, floor and the Krath entirely. He would not be required to find a way to dispose of them either, since the largest singular part was still smaller then the smallest leaf on his head.

Maybe the cleaning staff dedicated to the Headmaster apartments would be able to help him along further. They had to have heard something to implicate the Plagueian. Come to think about it, he did come from Plagueis, that alone could be seen as an admission of guilt if presented to the correct Councillor…

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Blood dripped into the washing devices, staining the Headmaster’s unmentionables. The ladies had not known anything either. Something odd was going on here. Maybe the driver knew more?

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Engine oil and grease dripped into the rancor-hide seats of the Dark Councillor’s shuttle. The droid had not known anything either.

It was odd, one of these past 25 “witnesses” should have noticed something. The fact that they did not know anything about his treason would be proof of treason in theory. He was after all a Sith, the fact that nobody suspected him made him far more suspicious, every Dark Sider plots after all, Even the light sider Dark Councillors plot against the Dark Lord from time to time. Maybe the Magistrates…

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Farrin was tied to a table, sharp pains where his fingernails used to be. Was that a red hot poker coming at him? Oh it seemed to be indeed that very thing…

“CONFESS!”

“AARGH!”

“CONFESS!”

“AARGH!”

“CONFESS!”

“AARGH!”

“CONFESS!”

“AARGH!”

“CONFE… oh…WHY DOES EVERYONE KEEP FAINTING BEFORE ANSWERING MY QUESTIONS?”

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As Meleu awoke, he noticed a blistered shape hanging before him. It did not take the Magistrate long to realise he was looking at his fellow Magistrate. What was going on here? Were these the undercrofts of the Academy? They did look similar to the deeper cisterns. Last time he had seen these type of roofing, the Praetor – a nutter Neti – had tied a rope to his waist, then carried him to an upper dungeon and thrown him into a hole, like a demented child playing with a yoyo.

“I know about your betrayal Magistrate!” the Neti roared.

“What are you talking about?” Meleu rasped out, as bits of tissue started to drip down from the ceiling onto his face, “and what is this?”

“Your co-conspirators were not as willing to help me as I hope you shall be. I suggest you start being honest to me, TRAITOR!” the Neti continued, as if he hadn’t heard the Sergeant’s words.

“What are you on about you nutcase?” the Magistrate stated.

“CONFESS YOUR CRIMES!”

“What are you on abou….AARGH!”

“CONFESS!”

“AARGH!”

“CONFESS!”

“AARGH!”

“CONFESS!”

“AARGH!”

“CONFESS!”

“AARGH!”

“CONFE… oh…he had a seizure? Who’s left to question… Then again, his guilt is proven! Time to END THIS and confront the TRAITOR!”

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The door into the Headmaster’s private meditation and communication centre blew inwards, propelled by pure darkness as the Neti channelled his rage into the dark side.

“DIE TRAITOR!” the Krath roared, two emerald blades moving forward to end the deceiver. Blood dripping from his clothing, adding to the reddish hued path that connected the chamber to a room containing to barely living Magistrates, to a butchered droid, to a service room containing the tortured remains of several janitorial staff members, to a sideroom containing the remains of 14 students.

“What?” the Headmaster asked, igniting blades to defend himself from his primary confidant.

“I know it was you! TRAITOR! DECEIVER! ONE SITH!” The Pontifex roared as he noticed the Dark Councillor holograms sit up and take notice of the drama enfolding on Lyspair. The Shadow Hand seemed to be barking orders into a comlink, sending investigators and members of the royal guard to his location. Thinking back then Neti felt joy at having succeeded in surprising Dacien’s Bodyguard in the lobby. He never did notice the small poisoned blade until it entered his neck. Sometimes Ood’s training under the manipulative Arania made itself known - “Unpredictability saves your life little tree”. The blades met midway as the two upper level Equites danced through the chamber. The lethal dance continued on as elite guards made their way into the chamber, followed by Royal Guardsmen and special inquisitors of the Deputy Grand Master. Shocked by this, Dacien did not notice a feint turning into a jab until he was down and cuffed by guards.